

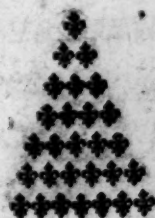
A N  
H Y M N  
TO THE  
REDEEMER.

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— *Tibi largimur honores*  
*Nil oriturum alias nil ortum tale fatentes.*  
Hor.

— *Omnis in uno*  
*Nostre salutis posita est* — Ovid.  
*Unum pro multis dabitur caput.* Virg.

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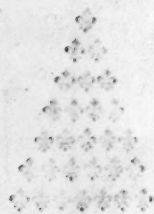
L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be sold by J. Morphew,  
near Stationers-Hall. 1713.

IN A  
H Y M N  
TO THE  
REDEEMER

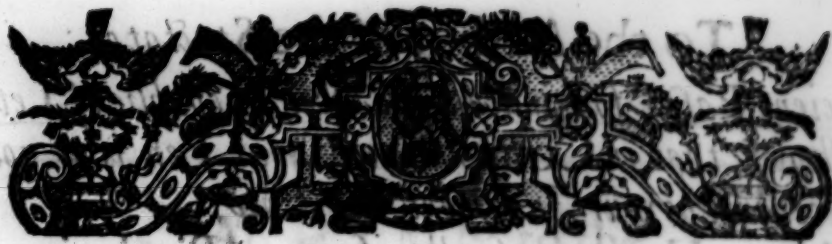
— Tibi largimur honores  
Nil oritur unum alias nil oritur tale fatentes.  
Hor.

— Omnis in uno  
Nostre fides posita est —  
Unum pro multis.  caput.  
Vig. Ovid.



L O N D O N  
Printed, and are to be sold by J. Waples  
near St. James's Hall. 1713.





TO THE  
**Author of the Spectator.**

SIR,  
 Annazarius and Rapin having employ'd their Fancies on Christian Subjects in Latin Hexameter, the one on the Nativity, the other on the Passion, both in a pretty fair imitation of Virgil's Language, I thought it no improper Exercise for a Protestant Pen to take in the whole compass of Man's Redemption by CHRIST, as a Subject better deserving an Hymn of Praise than any in the Odes of Pindar, Anacreon, or Horace.

Upon this Foot, and due Sense of Christianity, I have ventur'd to put the Fundamentals of the Gospel-Institution into the Dress of Humanity-Learning, using Poetry in this case, as Cathedrals do Divine Musick, not only to draw the Attention, but so to temper Seriousness with Spiritual-Melody, as to strike the Passions of the Soul with the agreeable Harmony of both Sound and Sense.

Had you continued to oblige and improve the World with your daily Entertainment, this Hymn, canton'd into Stanza's, might have put in for a Place in your Saturdays Paper, which was commonly dedicated to Religion. But since that bright Performance is set (as we all hope but for a Season) give me leave to pass by Men of higher station, to address this Piece of Christian Poetry to your Inspection; not only because your Performances recommended a Poem exclusive of all profane Fable, except where 'tis us'd as a Foil, to magnifie and set off the Sacred History, but because I believe in common with the Nation, (which is your Reader) that you are the best Corrector of the English Press, and that where you set an Imprimatur, 'tis a suffi-

To the Author of the Spectator.

sufficient Pass; for, indeed, the whole Republic of Letters must own, that in Composition your Pen is as good a Precedent, as your Judgment is a Law.

I know, Hymns usually rise into a Pindaric; and that to the Creator, which partly gave birth to this, appears wonderfully noble in that Dress: But as Callimachus directs himself to imaginary Deities in Heroic, let his Authority justify both my Metre and Subject: For if a Greek Heathen could pay the Honours of his Pen to Jupiter's, Apollo's, and Diana's, the meer Creatures of fanciful Brains, sure, as I am a Christian, and in a Kingdom too where reveal'd Religion is profess'd in Purity and Truth, under a bright Pattern of it on the Throne, you, Sir, and the devout part of the Nation, will allow one of an Ordain'd Function to celebrate the Second Person in the Trinity, GOD the SON, who hath redeem'd me and all Mankind. And if the Style is a little elevated to the pitch Longinus recommends for sublime Subjects, 'tis owing to the Dignity and Sacredness of the Character represented. For, who can think of his Redeemer without a lofty Strain of Gratitude and Love? Or, who can draw such a glorious History as CHRIST's Life is, from his Cradle in a Manger to his Exaltation into Glory, without being exalted too, both in Thought and Expression? And tho' such a Draught adds no new Discovery to the Reader, because every common Eye may run and read the same Demonstration of the Spirit in the Language of Holy Writ, yet with your Sanction it may give a hint to the Men of Poetical Genius, that a Scheme drawn upon a Scriptural Bottom is as capable of Poetry as any of the fabulous Romances of Heathen Theology; This may in some measure remedy the common Absurdity of English Poets, who, like the Popish Missionaries in China, blend Christianity with Paganism, and run greedily after whimsical Stories of Greece and Rome, when they may be better furnish'd from either Old or New Testament at Home.



## An HYMN to the

## REDEEMER.

**A**ngelic Host in Form and Essence bright,  
 Bless'd with the Visions of Eternal Light,  
 Whose active Troops at Heav'n's Pavilion stand,  
 The swift Performers of Divine Command;  
 Whose Tongues, inspir'd from Truth and Pow'r above,  
 Proclaim'd the Voice of Glory, Peace, and Love,  
 To introduce the World's REDEEMER'S Birth,  
 Whose Presence fill'd and sav'd the long-expecting Earth.

Ye Heralds, quick as Flame, as Day serene,  
 Descend from Orbs of Joy to Earthly Scene,  
 That Earthly Scene, where your Great Ruler dwelt  
 Full thirty rolling Years, and Torture felt,  
 Leaving the Bosom of Eternal Joy,  
 To save G O D's Image M A N, and hell destroy;  
 'Tis Angels Work to guide a Mortal's Tongue;  
 'Tis Angels Joy to chaunt immortal Song.

Tell, how the Heav'nly Breath, in hov'ring Shade,  
 With genial Pow'r and Energy display'd,  
 A Virgin-Mother and a G O D Incarnate made,  
 The same Prolific Breath, whose virtual Blast  
 O'er Ocean's Face a moving Mantle cast,  
 Whilst shapeless Matter work'd in Seeds of Strife,  
 And indigested Causes strove for Life.  
 Tell, how the *Manhood* in the *Godhead* join,  
 Erect, in Human Form, yet half-Divine:  
 How th' *Infinite* in Space and Figure lay,  
 An Uncreated G O D compriz'd in Clay!  
 Like Soul and Body interwove in one  
 Eternal Substance, yet Begotten Son,  
 The Father full-express'd, in Filial Brightness shone.

Great Light of Light, from whose Creative Hands  
 The World's Machine in glorious order stands ;  
 Whom God's Authentic Oracles declare,  
 In Time's accomplish'd Race, the Universal Heir.

**III.**  
 Tell, how the brightest of the *Cæsars* reign'd,  
 And Learning's Flood at highest Tide maintain'd ;  
 Within the stretch of whose Imperial Sway  
 The Godlike Infant in a Manger lay,  
 Whose Birth, *Entrance*, and Growth, by strange surprize,  
 Like his own Work, the World's Creation, rise  
 From humble low beginnings, to a world'rous size :  
 'Twas then the World in full Expectance lay  
 To see the Eastern Star, great *Shiloh's* Day,  
 To hear the Dictates of that healing Tongue,  
 Where the glad Tidings of Salvation hung,  
 Oh ! how the Babe in Grace and Stature grew,  
 And comprehensive scope of Wisdom drew  
 God's Inoffensive Lamb, exempt from Sin,  
 Spotless without, and innocent within !  
 For, can th' **ALMIGHTY** Imperfection know ?  
 Can Stains of Guilt in Purest Essence grow ?  
 Can Turpitude the clearest Light efface,  
 That shed such Beams of Glory, Truth, and Grace ?

**IV.**  
 Tell, how the *Baptist*, Harbinger of Day,  
 Like Morning-Star, prepar'd *Messiah's* Way ;  
 Surprizing Hints, as glympse of Joy, disclos'd,  
 Till brighter *Sun* in perfect Beauty 'rose,  
 Whose Rays of Truth, like harmless *Light'ning*, flew,  
 Flasht on the Conscience, and Conviction drew,  
 Lighten'd the *Gentile*, and amaz'd the *Jew*.  
 Tell, how the Systems of the Christian Rules  
 Untaught, unheard in Philosophic Schools,  
 Melted the Stubborn, and confirm'd the Weak,  
 Charm'd the deaf Adder, and convinc'd the *Greek*.  
 For Truth, no longer wrapt in Types and Dreams,  
 Shot forth on Human Soul, in brightest Beams,

Th'



Th' Eternal W o r d, who *Fiat* gave to Light,  
 When *Chaos* lay confus'd in ancient Night;  
 The Myſtery, hid from former Ages, broke,  
 Silenc'd Hell's Language, and a G o s p e l ſpoke;  
 Religion's Face in trueſt form appear'd,  
 Mankind obey'd in *Faith*, in *Præſiſe* fear'd.

So, when thick Clouds o'erſpread the lowring Skies,  
 And Nature's Face in Veils and Shadows lies,  
 A previous Light'ning-ſlaſh the Welkin breaks,  
 Then Thunder's Voice in awful Language ſpeaks;  
 Whoſe loud Command the Darkneſs drives away,  
 Opens freſh Scenes, and re-admits the Day:  
 The *Sun* collected ſtands in ample Might,  
 And ſtrikes new Paths of clear *Etherial* Light,  
 Purſues a glorious Courſe, and triumphs o'er the Night.

Tell, how the *Gospel*, like the trav'ling *Sun*,  
 Refresh'd and brighten'd Regions as it run;  
 How piercing Truths a train of Conqueſts made,  
 And *Chriſtian* Laws o'er *Heathen* Realms display'd:  
 How the good Seed, in barren Regions ſhed,  
 A thriving Tree in height and compaſs ſpread;  
 Rooted in Patience, like the *Palm*, it drew  
 Strength from Oppreſſion, and the taller grew;  
 And ſtill ſupply'd with dying Martyrs Blood,  
 Shot larger Branches, and in Vigour ſtood.

Laugh at the Fable of *Orphean* Strains,  
 The wild Romances of Poetic Brains,  
 Of ſavage Tygers tam'd by Muſick's ſoft'ning Chains.  
 Tell how the W o r d, with *Gospel*-Charms endu'd,  
 The Monster-Paſſions of the World ſubdu'd,  
 And *Adam*'s broken Stamp on Human Soul renew'd.

## V I.

Tell how the Lectures of the ſacred Book  
 Brought Reaſon captive to the eaſie Yoke:  
 How plaineſt Truths in ancient Beauty fine,  
 Without the drefs of Oratory ſhine,  
 And prove the *Work* and *Penmen* all divine.

Tell,

Tell, how the force of *Evangelic* Laws  
 Make *Felix* tremble, and a *Festus* awes.  
 And when you would Man's boasted Learning shame,  
 To raise the Christian Scheme to higher Fame,  
 Tell, how the Poor, from Nets and Anchors brought,  
 From *East* to *West* this great Conversion wrought,  
 And multitudes of Souls in Truth's soft Network caught.

Hear, O ye Masters of *Athenian* Wit,  
 Ye *Jewish* Doctors, that in Council sit,  
 Deep-read in Questions and *Hebraic* Skill,  
 How the plain Lines of G o d's establish'd Will  
 The vain Sophistic Cant of *Greece* o'er-rul'd,  
 And *Rabbins* Cabalistic Learning fool'd,  
 Blush with Confusion, and to Truth submit,  
 Enroll'd in Golden Leaves of Gospel-Writ,  
 Where *Babes* and *Sucklings* Mouth a Language speaks  
 Too hard for *Hebrews*, and too plain for *Greeks*.

## VII.

Tell how the Leader of the Christian Cause  
 With practic Life enforc'd the Gospel-Laws;  
 How a large Choir of lovely Virtues shed  
 Ambrosial Sweetness o'er the Prophets Head,  
 Whilst the well-pleasing Son Paternal Orders spread.

Patience submissive to Insulting Fate,  
 And Meekness unprovok'd by Jewish Hate;  
 Filial Obedience and resign'd Content  
 Life's painful Track in lowly Paces went;  
 Temp'rance serenely smil'd, and Mercy's Face  
 Displaying Goodness with Cœlestial Grace;  
 Justice extensive to the World's wide Land,  
 Dispersing Bounties with impartial Hand,  
 Kind Charity in secret Channels spread,  
 Maintaining Life, by Life's supporter, Bread;  
 And Love unfeign'd, with tender Bowels blest,  
 (A Grace surviving in Eternal Rest)  
 All hung, like Diamonds, on the Saviour's Breast.

Tell,



Tell, how the Gospel-Patent, sign'd above,  
 Bearing Commission from Eternal Love,  
 Credential Seals, from Miracles receiv'd,  
 Which struck Authentick Stamps on Truths believ'd,  
 And Wretches, chain'd with Sin and Maladies, reliev'd.

O! tell with wonder, tell how Water, flush'd  
 With sudden Heat, in borrow'd Beauty blush'd,  
 Owing the Virtue and the Pow'r Divine  
 That spoke fair Water into real Wine;  
 A Liquor, which in after-Ages stood  
 The Sacramental Sign o'th' Founder's Blood.

O thou Impostor! whose *Arabian* Lies  
 The Vine's strong Blood to *Mussulmen* deny,  
 As if confounded and ashamed to see  
 The first bright Proof of *CHRIST*'s Divinity;  
 Where true inimitable Wonders shone  
 In much-diviner Colours than thy own,  
 Such pow'rful Strokes of Godlike Force produce,  
 Change Nature's Face in metamorphos'd Juice;  
 Or own the Credit of thy Mission lost,  
 And strike the Silver *Crescent* to the *Cross*,  
 That *Cross*, whose Form on Skies nice Tap'stry wrought,  
 Propitious hung, as *Stambouls* Founder fought,  
 And conqu'ring Signs in shining Letters taught.

## IX.

Ye airy Spirits, that attend on high,  
 Fulfil *God*'s Orders, and direct the Sky,  
 Tell how the treasur'd Winds, that sweep the Sea,  
 In blust'ring Noise a stronger Voice obey;  
 How one Almighty-Still becalm'd the Deep,  
 And hush'd tempestuous Hurricanes asleep:  
 How scanty Food, on grassy Tables spread,  
 A num'rous Train to ample Fulness fed,  
 And Hunger's keenest Edge regal'd with broken Bread.

How sinking *Peter* in Amazement stood  
 Beneath the surface of the yielding Flood,  
 Till rear'd by that Right Hand, that came to save,  
 He walk'd in triumph o'er the passive Wave.

O *Xerxes* ! Ruler of a mighty Host,  
 Of level'd Hills and bridled Rivers boast,  
 And large Pontoons, outstretch'd from Coast to Coast :  
 Yet which of all thy vast extensive Train  
 E'er trod the Billows of the raging Main ?

## X.

O SAVIOUR ! whither might thy Wonders done,  
 Still springing from the Scripture-fountain, run ?  
 How Hell, dislodg'd, to filthy Creatures flies !  
 How Fig-tree, curs'd, in fruitless Branches dies !  
 But, oh ! bright Host, that guard a brighter KING,  
 The Strokes of *Mercy*, not of *Vengeance*, sing ;  
 And praise the Righteous *Sun*, who 'rose with healing Wing ;  
 Whose wholsom Beams, with sov'reign force diffus'd,  
 Bodies and Souls from Satan's Fetters loos'd.

Tell how the *Healer*, with unstudied Rules,  
 Untaught, unpractis'd in the Physick Schools,  
 No compound Dose from Herbal Juices made ;  
 The *Panacea* from Himself display'd  
 Rich virtual Streams of Health, and distant *Cures* convey'd.  
 How One commanding Word Distempers kill'd,  
 High Fevers cool'd, and trembling *Palsies* still'd :  
 How wither'd Hands, to fleshy fulness rais'd,  
 In upstretch'd form the kind Physician prais'd :  
 How feeble Knees, to pliant bent restor'd,  
 The GOD of STRENGTH on Altar's Steps ador'd :  
 How Cripples run, exulting from the Ground  
 Like Mountain-Harts, that o'er the Chaces bound :  
 How deafen'd Ears, from dulling Wax unseal'd,  
 Imbib'd the gracious Sounds of Truth reveal'd :  
 How loosen'd Tongues, from long confinement broke,  
 In Rapture-Songs and loudest Accents spoke :  
 How Eyes that rould in filmy Clouds of Night,  
 Surpriz'd with gleams of new-discover'd Sight,  
 On Nature's Fabrick star'd, and prais'd the GOD of LIGHT.

## XI.

O *Celsus*, *Galen*, and ye learned Train,  
 Who Pulses feel to search the Patient's Pain,



Consult the Journals of your Healing Art:  
 Did e'er your *Touch* a perfect *Cure* impart?  
 Can *Ratcliff* talk a *Bloody Fountain* dry?  
 Can *Read* with *Ephatha* uncloſe an Eye?  
 Can *Garth's* fine *Sense*? can *Buſſiere*, *Fern*, or *Green*  
 Pronounce *Bones* ſtraight, or ſpeak a *Leper* clean?  
 Can *Blackmore's* *Word* a foaming *Madneſs* tame,  
 Or thouſand *Words* in numbers *Magick* frame?

No: ye bright *Leaders* of the *Curing Tribe*,  
 That whoſom *Draughts* in *Characters* preſcribe,  
 Let *Gospel-Cures* in *Light* ſuperiour ſhine,  
 Penn'd by a *Brother* of the *Phyſick Line*.

Or, if *Presumption*, built on learned *Pains*,  
 Some lurking *Seeds* of *Diſbelief* retains,  
 Read, how a breathleſs *Corps*, whoſe circling *Blood*,  
 Depriv'd of *Heat*, in dead *Stagnation* ſtood,  
 To *Life* recall'd by one *Almighty Word*,  
 In freſh *Supplies* of *Warmth* and *Motion* ſtir'd,  
 Death's *Iron Chain*, and *Tomb's* deep *Cavern* broke,  
 Sprung from *Corruption*, and a *Conqueſt* ſpoke,  
 So *Fun'ral Piles* in *Coals* extinguiſh'd lie,  
 And hid in *Duſt* and *Aſhes*, ſeem to die:  
 But if a quick'ning *Blaſt* the *Embers* blows,  
 Rekindled *Heat* in ſprightly *Vigour* glows.

## XII.

Here, Reader, ſtop! prepare a *Flood* of *Tears*;  
 A tragick Scene of *Suff'ring* *WORTH* appears.  
 What *Pen* can draw the *Agonies* he bore  
 When *bloody Sweat* diſtill'd from ev'ry *Pore*?  
 When Heav'n's *Eternal* *Priest*, with *Loads* oppreſs'd,  
 Internal *Pangs* by outward *Sighs* expreſs'd,  
 And *God's* embitter'd *Cup* of *Sin* and *Wrath* confeſs'd:  
 Who but a *Jew* with unrelenting *Hate*,  
 Can all the *Horrors* of the *Day* relate,  
 When Man's expiring *LORD* in *Torture* hung,  
 With *Jav'lin* pierc'd, with poinant *Garland* ſtung,  
 And ſharper *Darts*, the *Jews* reviling *Tongue*;

When

When those kind Hands, whose Touch had Health bestow'd,  
Transfix'd with Nails, in bloody gushes flow'd?

O stubborn Race! can G**O**d's choice Tribe deny  
The easie Tribute of a weeping Eye  
To view a Meritorious L**A**M**B** in Torment die?  
Passive obedient to the sharpest Test,  
Yet still with Love's forgiving Heart possest:  
Tho' martyr'd to a servile Cross, unbroke  
With shameful Pain, and Death's severest Stroke;  
Like *Abram's* Offspring yielding to the Knife,  
He reconcil'd the wide-partition Strife,  
And gain'd the precious Gift of Everlasting Life.

## XIII.

But since the Pens of flatt'ring *Classicks* tell  
How Nature's Frame in strong Convulsions fell,  
When *Rome's* first Founder, and th' *Imperial Lord*,  
Each murder'd, dropt by *Senatorial* Sword;  
Tell, O ye Angels, who in Spheres above  
By Orbs and Poles this mighty Engine move,  
How, when the Founder of the World's wide Space,  
A Prince superiour to the *Julian* Race,  
In martyr'd form resign'd a willing Breath,  
The Globe bore dreadful witness to his Death.  
How Nature sympathiz'd in doleful Moans,  
And Veils of Temples broke in loudest Groans.  
How the strong Pillars of the Earthly Ball  
Trembled and falter'd at its Maker's Fall:  
How the true Pattern of the suff'ring H**E**A**D**,  
The Sun's bright Face with gloomy Shroud o'erspread,  
Eclips'd in Shades, behind the Curtain stood,  
Asham'd to see such vast expence of Blood;  
Or o'er its Beams a cloudy Mantle drew,  
To frighten *Cæsar*, and confound the *Jew*.

## XIV.

If Senseless Matter by *Direction* shed  
Such frightful Signals, when its M**A**S**T**E**R's** Head  
In precious Drops, the World's dear Ransom, bled,

Whose



Whose cleansing Blood, from World's Foundation spill'd,  
 In typick form a saving Health distill'd,  
 Quench'd Satan's fiery Darts, and Sin's black Poison kill'd.

Ye faithful *Dames*, who, bath'd in Sorrow, stood  
 Mournful Attendants on the martyr'd Blood,  
 Fresh Streams of tributary Tears bestow,  
 And oily Sweets the Eastern Honours strow,  
 T' embalm that *CHRIST*, whose Character before  
 Unction divine in Oil of Gladness bore.  
*Arabia's* Gums, and *Saba's* Odours run  
 To hail the wondrous Birth, the rising Sun,  
 As rich Perfumes in Burial order paid,  
 This setting Light in Death and Darkness laid.  
 So where the *Phoenix* reigns in *Syria's* Wood  
 Sole Head and Offspring of the single Brood,  
 The Self-repairing Bird, in Sweetness bred,  
 Begins and ends his Life in Spicey Bed.

## X V.

Go, faithless Jew, invest the Rocky Grave,  
 Roll pond'rous Stones, and seal the guarded Cave.  
 Can He, who form'd the World's extensive Ball,  
 Confin'd within his own Creation fall?  
 Can Watchmens Eyes th' *Invisible* restrain?  
 Can Bolts or Bars *Almightiness* contain?  
 Can one close Cell an *Omnipresence* keep?  
 Can *LORD* of *LIFE* in Death's still Regions sleep?

No: Ye bright Youths, in Robes of Light array'd,  
 That kept the Tomb where *King of Angels* laid,  
 Tell how the *CHRIST*, by innate Pow'r reviv'd,  
 Fresh reproduc'd, in fair Existence liv'd,  
 From sep'rate Realms return'd, where Spirits roam,  
 Waiting the grand Result of final Doom;  
 Unhurt by Death's corrupting State, the same  
 In vital Functions and substantial Frame;  
 No more another than the Sun new-born,  
 That sets in Shade, and Light resumes at Morn.

The Patriarch Seers, the Priests and Prophets Line,  
 And Suns of Regal Grandeur cease to shine;

Heathens and Jews in Death's dark Chambers kept  
 Vast lengths of Time, in cold Apartments slept:  
 But He, whom God in three high States employ'd,  
 Surmounts the Grave, and Death by Death destroy'd.

## XVI.

O King of Terrors! whose Dominion spreads  
 From Youth to Age, from Swains to Royal Heads,  
 Of sweeping Plagues and slaughter'd Armies boast;  
 Of shipwreck'd Fleets in Ocean's Bosom lost;  
 Yet who, of all thy num'rous captive Trains,  
 Repas'd the Gulph, and Life's bold Shore regains?  
 Platonicks dream of hov'ring Ghosts, that fly  
 Around the Tombs where Human Bodies lie;  
 And modern Heads, by Fear's Illusion led,  
 In fancied shapes of Air recall the Dead:  
 EGYPT's embalming Arts a Carcass keep,  
 And lumpish Clay in Oil and Balsams steep:  
 Yet name the Man, whom Flesh and Blood compose,  
 Whose Life, like CHRIST's, in perfect Substance 'rose;  
 Perfect, but where the Side's imprinted Cleft  
 Full Proofs of Death and Resurrection left;  
 Deep Marks, to make a stagg'ring Faith encrease,  
 And vocal Wounds to beg the Father's Peace.  
 Reestablish'd Domes, like new Creations rise,  
 And Paul's huge Pile of Beauty fills the Eyes;  
 But CHRIST rebuilt himself, a Glorious Frame,  
 A living Temple of Eternal Fame!

## XVII.

O Eastern Cheat! whose Iron Coffin hung  
 By Nature's Link, to Partner-Loadstone clung;  
 Attractive Force and Steely Grasp may save  
 The mortal Body from the common Grave.  
 But canst thou Death's dissolving Laws suspend?  
 Can Mecca's Prophet to the World ascend,  
 And Forty Days in vital Actions spend?  
 No; the pale Monarch, by coercive Laws,  
 With stronger Vigour than a Magnet, draws,  
 And Antichrist confines to Hell's devouring Jaws:

Whilst



Whilst **CHRIST**, returning to his **FATHER-GOD**  
 On fleecy Clouds, his own nice Texture trod,  
 And on the Wings of Light his first-born Creature rode,

Ye bright Attendants of the glorious Sight,  
 When Lord of Hosts unbarr'd the Doors of Light,  
 Tell how the King of Glory upward flies,  
 (As warbling Lark aspiring to the Skies)  
 To re-assume his rightful Regal State,  
 Held by a Tenure of Eternal Date,  
 And Intercessor sit at **GOD'S** Imperial Seat.  
 Tell, how the Musick of the ravish'd Spheres,  
 In Shaums, and Trumpets, and Seraphic Airs,  
 Proclaim'd the mighty King's triumphant Throne,  
 Whose Cross stood Footstool to a glitt'ring Crown,  
 By Lowliness advanc'd, as mounting Balls  
 Rebound much higher by repeated Falls.

## XVIII.

Hail **LORD!** Supreme! to whose Imperial Sway  
 Angelic Bands submissive Homage pay;  
 Much more may Kings, who, thy Vicegerents, live  
 In Earthly Pomp, and Beams of Pow'r derive  
 From Thee, the Fountain Head; Thy Kingdom own,  
 And bow, as Subjects, to a brighter Throne.  
 For Thou, enshrin'd in full encrease of Day,  
 Uphold'st a Sceptre of Immortal Sway  
 Above the Chance of Tumult, Conquest, or Decay;  
 A Realm in Lines of Peace and Order rang'd,  
 By civil Broils or Statesmens Turns unchang'd.  
 The World, thy Handywork, may feeble grow,  
 And Marks of Age in fading Colours show:  
 But Thou, Great Author of the whole Machine,  
 Fresh Youth of Empire keep'st in endless Scene,  
 Outstretch'd beyond the Sky's remotest Clime,  
 Lengthen'd beyond the wasting Glass of Time.

## XIX.

O *Syrian, Persic, Greek, and Roman State!*  
 Like the fam'd Stone, by strange revolving Fate

Ye

Ye sunk, ye fell, in Time's devouring Womb  
 Both Realms and Monarchs Grandeur found a Tomb,  
 Nay, the contested Globe, where Rivals fought  
 For Lordly sway, to Dissolution brought  
 Its own great Funeral Pile, will melting waste,  
 Reduc'd to nothing, but an empty space,  
 When Earth's Foundations drop, at Time's exhausted Race.

But CHRIST, a Monarch of a lasting date,  
 Tho' he resigns his Mediatorial State,  
 A Glorious Empire sways without controul  
 A self-supporting same essential Rule:  
 Enthron'd at God's Right Hand, the Seat of Might,  
 The Seat of Pleasures and excessive Light,  
 Where blissful Peace in Orbs of Glory rolls,  
 The native Roam of high-exalted Souls:  
 Where mine, O LORD, as yet encas'd in Clay,  
 Would gladly Wing an high unwearied Way,  
 O'er the long boundless stretch of Everlasting Day.  
 But hold, aspiring thought, the thought of flight  
 Of Reason's Eye, or Fancy's boldest flight  
 Out-dazel'd, stands amaz'd in vast excels of Light.

Yet oh! best Object of a Sacred Muse,  
 Whose pre-existent Word the World produc'd,  
 Who came, Who suffer'd, dy'd, Who 'rose, and flew  
 From Earth to Sky, and Kingly Honours drew;  
 When thou return'st in Judgment's solemn dread  
 To summon, raise, and change the sleeping Dead,  
 My Soul, with Millions more redeem'd, convey  
 To range the Stages of Eternal Day.  
 Thy *Hypostatick* Union there unfold,  
 In God's own Breast, thy dwelling Place, enroll'd;  
 There spread the triple undivided Chain,  
 And Trinity in Unity explain;  
 There may I joyn in more Exalted Hymn  
 Than this imperfect Draught, and loudly sing  
 My Saviour PROPHET, PRIEST, my GOD, my KING.

F I N I S.





